

The World.

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UP TO GOV. STONE.

It is in a crisis such as the coal strike has brought to Pennsylvania that the public recognizes the limitations of a machine-made Governor. What a man of action would have done two months ago Gov. Stone still refrains from doing. He has temporized and delayed as Pennsylvania Governors have temporized and delayed before in times of strikes and the result now as then has been needless bloodshed.

If the Governor when the strike situation became acute had proclaimed his intention of affording absolute protection, by military force if necessary, to operator and striker alike in the anthracite mining districts, it can hardly be doubted that the strike would now be over. We should then not be confronted by the coal famine and by the unhappy list of victims of affrays between the mine police and a lawless element for which it is unjust to hold the strikers responsible.

At a time of crisis like this a little display of force is a dangerous thing. If exerted at all it should be full and adequate, in justice to each party to the dispute. In the end a full policing of a strike district by the State is almost inevitable and a dilatory course of action, postponing and delaying for the sake of political expediency almost always defeats itself. Illinois and Ohio as well as Pennsylvania can cite unfortunate citizen conflicts as cases in point.

NEAR THE TOP.

Perhaps it was well to remove Thurston as it has been well to transfer and shake up the rank and file of the Police Department. All the changes made are "for the good of the service." But the head remains, a weak and incompetent head, and until it is removed a complete reformation of department methods is impracticable. For whatever Thurston's offense Commissioner Partridge was responsible for it as for the general demoralization of the force.

It is encouraging to observe that the Mayor has progressed to a point near the top. Another step and we may have the consummation devoutly wished and all too long delayed.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

Gen. Booth, commander of a mighty religious army ever marching as for war against sin and competent to speak on such matters, says that there has been no marked increase or decrease in crime during the past twenty years. Here in New York we have 33 prisoners in the Tombs awaiting trial for murder and the Supreme Court reopens to-day with 8,400 cases on the trial term calendar, a great increase over previous years. In the City Court the number of cases awaiting trial is more than 4,000. Thus for this community at least the particular examples tend to discredit the general observations of the Salvation Army's leader.

Dr. Robert S. Newton, in some remarks on crime in yesterday's Sunday World, said that "in no city in the world but New York are men whose pictures are in the Rogues' Gallery and known to every police official allowed to enter reputable hotels, restaurants and theatres." And it might be asked does any other great city allow ex-convicts to take out licenses to open saloons and other resorts?

Nowhere else is the "ticket-of-leave" man so tenderly treated as here. Society, once very intolerant of him, now shuts her eyes to his career after his prison term ends and does not inquire about him until another crime, perhaps the chopping off of a man's head, horrifies her with its ghastly details and enlightens her as to the ease with which the ex-convict has been enabled to live down his prison record in the community.

It would appear that from our old hard way of dealing with him we have progressed to an extreme of indulgence.

THE ST. LOUIS BOODLERS.

The conviction of a millionaire traction magnate in St. Louis and his sentence to five years in the penitentiary for bribing a councilman is a far greater gain for municipal purity than a similar conviction and sentence of the bribed official could have been. Too frequently the man who gives the bribe goes free while the vengeance of outraged justice is visited on the man who takes.

The prosecution of Snyder was based on incriminating facts revealed by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch in an investigation likely to be ever memorable in the history of newspaper campaigns against municipal corruption.

CONGRESSMAN SULLIVAN.

Strictly speaking, it is perhaps a trifle premature to call Mr. Timothy D. Sullivan Congressman, but with a majority of 20,000 in his district for his opponent to overcome and the election only a month away the risk may be taken. As the representative of Wall street and the Bowery "Tim" may be said to have double honors thrust upon him, but all conversant with his career know how worthy he is of these honors and how competent to administer the trust devolving on him. A man who on the one hand can outtalk Chalmers Fadden and on the other show a bank account of \$400,000 accumulated in a few years on a salary of \$1,500 is surely a capable representative of this widely differing constituency.

What an inspiring career has been Sullivan's! The newsboy counting his pennies, the bootblack his nickels, can say: "Tim Sullivan was once doing this," and reflect on the true grandeur of a republic which exalts the lowly, when deserving, to the places of the most high. As they are now so "Tim" was once. Energy and an eye to the man chance and thrift, exceeding thrift, have made him what he is.

Persons with moral scruples will be glad to learn that Mr. Sullivan has no small vices. He does not drink or smoke. It is true he owns resorts whose patrons are not so abstemious and where they are exposed to less innocent indulgences, but Mr. Sullivan is not his brother's keeper to the extent of refusing to furnish him his fun for his money.

A versatile gentleman, good timber for a Congressman. With an experience of thirteen years at Albany and a thorough inside knowledge of New York politics, skilled in drafting "anti-corruption legislation," he is perhaps a more practical and serviceable man to represent his district than a Webster would be. Oratory is not all in a Congressman.

POSITIVELY RUDE.



Miss Cutting—I'm surprised to see you here, Mr. Sottleigh. I thought you were travelling in Europe.
Sottleigh—Well, I am—did think of going, don't know, but saw at the last moment I changed my mind.
Miss Cutting—Indeed. But I am sure you couldn't have lost anything by making the change.

FOOTBALL.



Trainer—Now, Freshie, you've seen some real practice. What position would you like to try for?
Freshman—I'd like to carry the sponge.

WAY, WAY UP.



First Comedian—Well, my mother can't say, when I tell her of my marriage, that I might have looked higher!
Second Comedian—And why not, pray?
First Comedian—Well, I married Miss Skyser, the aeronaut!

SERIOUS OFFENSE.



Justice—What's he up for?
Officer—Disturbin' the peace, Yer Honor! He woke me up, Yer Honor!
Justice—Ten days.

NO REASON.



She—Well, if I am a grass widow, that's no reason why I should marry a hayseed!

HIS THOUGHTS.



Van Buren—is your typewriter new or second hand?
Washington—Why—er—second hand, I suppose. She's a widow.

PROFESSIONAL.

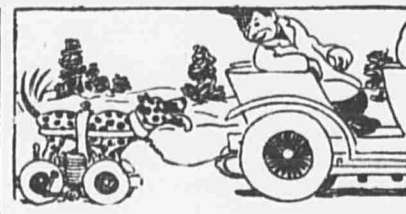


Prof. Essey—And you say you had a college education? Oh, if you had improved your opportunities you might be a successful professional man.
Henry the Touch—Hub! Well, do I look like er ammyture?

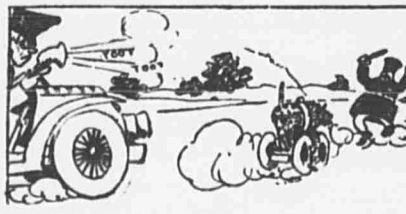
THE AUTOMATIC AGE IS "TRIED ON THE DOG."



Gazzy Lean—The poor pup can't keep up; that's evident.



But I guess that'll help him to stay in the procession.



I'll just send him ahead to clear the track.



Officer—Help! Is this a kidnappin', or what?



Say, I'll have you up for arson, battery, resistin' an officer, fast drivin' an evadin' the dog tax.

DEEDS OF DARING.



Cholly—Aw, I say, Fwaddy, let's do something desperate and bweak into the howle class.
Fwaddy—All right, dear boy. What shall we do?
Cholly—Something extraordinary, don't know. Haw, I have it; we'll have breakfast food for dinner.

A HUSTLER NEEDED.



Whozid Guy—Youse know de sayin' is dat de world owes us a livin'?
Polk A. Long—Yep. Wish I could get some smart sellin' ter collect mine on de shares.

SPEED MADNESS.



Auto Manufacturer—How fast does your employer wish his automobile to go?
French Chauffeur—Monsieur want eet to go so fast zat ze milestones look like ze continuous chalkline.

BRIGHT OUTLOOK.



Patient—I'm tired of waiting. You've been treating me for two years.
Doctor—Patience, my dear sir! I surely shall have you die a well man.

PRELIMINARY SKIRMISH.



Tramp—Hev youse a axe handy, ma'am?
Lady—No, we have no use for one. Tramp—Den maybe youse hev a wood saw?
Lady—No.
Tramp—Tanks, ma'am. Would youse kindly gimme sumthin' ter eat?

HOW TO BURN SOFT COAL IN A FURNACE.

The scarcity of anthracite coal this winter promises to cause persons whose houses are heated by furnaces made for burning anthracite coal to resort to all sorts of expedients to secure fuel which can be used in them, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The most common substitute for anthracite will be coke. This will burn in an anthracite furnace just as well as the hard coal.

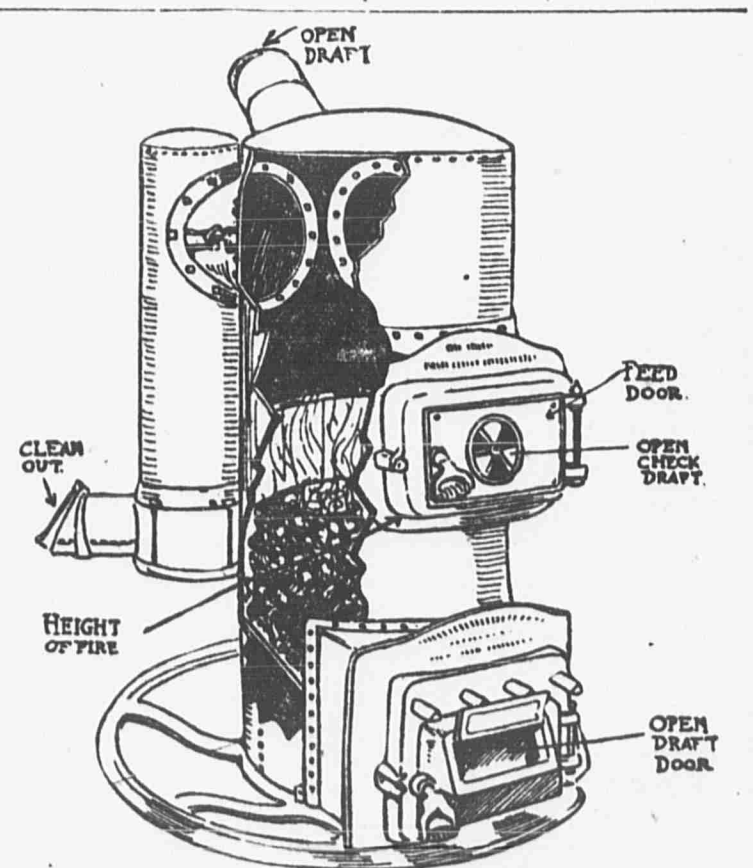
But the problem which is of especial interest to householders in cities and towns where coke is not easily obtainable is how to burn bituminous coal in an anthracite furnace.

Of course, the first thing necessary in burning soft coal is a direct draft and a straight flue into the chimney. Few, if any, anthracite furnaces have such construction. Most of them have a crooked draft, either down or lateral, and the smoke in order to retain all the heat passes through numerous small flues before passing out of the chimney. When these flues are small they will quickly fill with soot when soft coal is burned and then the furnace will not draw. In furnaces where these flues are large, say 2x12 or larger, soft coal will burn about as well as anthracite.

In order to avoid the clogging of the flues with soot, perfect combustion in the firepot is the chief remedy. This can be secured by admitting little air into the firepot through the feed door. The following directions, which are declared by the best furnace builders to give excellent results, will enable any one with a hard coal furnace to burn soft coal with comparatively little trouble.

In the feed door of every furnace there is a slide damper to admit air over the fire, and the same is true of most of the ranges now in use. When anthracite coal is used these dampers are kept open only when it is desired to deaden the

fire or lower the temperature of the house. With soft coal these dampers must be left open all the time. The first stage in the combustion of soft coal is its "cooking," which calls for more air than can be had through the body of the fuel, and unless this air is supplied above the fire, the best heat of the



This diagram of a furnace shows the check draught in the door, which should be opened to cause perfect combustion of soft coal; also the other draughts and cleaning slides.

coal is not received, the gases escaping into the chimney.

The draft openings in the asphalt door or under the fire do not need to be open as widely or kept open as long as they would in burning anthracite coal. With the same amount of bottom draft it is customary to give anthracite coal the soft coal would burn too freely and much of the best heat be lost. It should be remembered also that the funnel pipe into the chimney, which with hard coal usually is kept partly closed during moderate weather, should be kept nearly open all the time to allow the free passage of smoke when soft coal is used.

In starting a fire after soft coal has once been used it will not be necessary to remove all of the coal which was left over after the old fire went out, but after freeing the firebox from the ashes the fresh fire may be kindled on top of the old coal. In most cases, while the anthracite fire is raked from the bottom the bituminous should be packed down from the top. If it is attempted to burn the soft coal in the same way as hard coal it will result in failure, as it requires a treatment quite the reverse, but with proper attention to details, as outlined, the soft coal will give satisfaction in domestic use.

In every furnace there will also be found a suitable slide or door which allows of cleaning the interior flues. When burning soft coal these flues should be cleaned at least once every two weeks and sometimes oftener. If soft coal is allowed to burn properly, it will largely consume even its own soot, after the coal has become thoroughly ignited. Persons using grate fires will have noticed this. When the fire is first started the top and sides of the opening into which the grate is set will be covered with soot, but after the coal has all become red, a great portion of the soot burns off. A soft coal fire does not need to be fed as often as most persons feed it.

NOT APRIL 1, EITHER.

The Sergeant in the East Thirty-fifth street police station was dozing in a chair, shortly after 4 o'clock this morning, when he was awakened by the violent ringing of the telephone bell.

"Hello, what's wanted?" he shouted through the phone. "Yes, this is the thirty-fifth street station."

"What's that you say?" he exclaimed. "Three dead bodies carried into No. 435 East Twenty-sixth street during the night, and nobody allowed to see them?"

Dropping the phone, the Sergeant jumped for the annunciator. A loud gong, and a half dozen policemen ran from the rear room.

"Get down to No. 435 East Twenty-sixth street and investigate this," the Sergeant yelled at the foremost of the men, handing him the memoranda he had written.

In an instant the file of men had departed. The Sergeant sat down. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"Fooled again!" he ejaculated. "No. 435 is the Morgue." Such is "reform."

SPECTACLE-MAKING.

It has been estimated that the product of American optical goods manufactures exceeds yearly 6,000,000 pairs of spectacles and eyeglasses, says the Jewellers Weekly. One company alone manufactures nearly 1,500,000 pairs annually, which is probably ten times as many as were made in the entire United States during any one year previous to 1880. The question has often arisen as to where they all go. The United States contains some 78,000,000 people, and about one out of every five should wear glasses; yet not all of our product is consumed by the American people. Owing to the high standard of uniformity, accuracy, durability and workmanship in general, the American products are now being exported, with but few exceptions, to every civilized country on the globe.

MONETARY UNITS.

The average person, brought up to think of the cost in the units of his country, finds, in moving to a land where the unit is higher, that it takes months, sometimes years, to adjust his ideas, says the London Chronicle. An American, accustomed to think in dollars, will spend a pound in something which he would not have bought had it been priced in dollars. On the other hand, on the Continent he will not purchase at 25 francs that which he would have bought for five dollars. As he stands in a shop, with some desired article in his hand, the sound of "one pound" is not half so deterrent as the sound of "five dollars," and "twenty-five francs" is quite alarming to the ear. No doubt a monetary unit of small value makes for economy in a nation.

A FEW REMARKS.

A dancless Midway! A Hamletless "Hamlet!"

Macbeth had just murdered Banquo in the "Steenh police precinct, when his nerve failed him. He fell back, his "Coward," hissed Lady Macbeth, in blank verse. "Dost fear the New York cops?"

"No, no," answered the unhappy wretch; "it's the Hoboken police that give me cold feet."

Utterly unmannered, he rushed down to encounter the ghost.

Husband—What's wrong with that house we looked at yesterday?
Wife—It's too big.

Husband—Well, the one we visited today, then?

Wife—It's too small.

Husband—Say, what sort of a house do you want?

Wife—Sir! I do not propose to commit myself.

This is a bad year for elephants. Centennial Park Tom died, writhing, from a dose of cyanide, and the G. O. P. is even now squirming from an overdose of scarce coal. The elephant may not even be seen, at present, in the Tenderloin.

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. The New York team always strikes the same place. And that place is the last place.

Cornstalks sixteen feet in height Kansas farmers have sent on To amaze the public eye In the burg of Washington.

But they'll look like tiny blades Of grass upon a sun-scoured knoll If their height is but compared To the price of Eastern coal.

"Don't you sometimes regret that you did not devote more time to your education in early life?" "No, sir," answered the politician; "if I had learned to talk grammatical the voters in my district would think I was puttin' on airs and drivin' away from the hearts of the people."—Washington Star.

Should Senator Clark decide to buy that racing stable he may in time lure the Senatorial taste from pugilism to the less disfiguring joys of the track.

"I can't give you a decided answer to your proposal just yet, dear. You must ask mamma first."

"What do I want to ask mamma, too, for? Think I'm a measly Mormon?"

The mosquito and the open car are the last two vestiges of summer left blooming in Gotham.

"He'll have to pocket his bride." "Pocket it? He'd need a suit case."

"No, I never complain at my young wife's cooking. It keeps me in fine training."

"Training? What for?" "I'm a dime museum sword-swallower and glass-eater."

"Why do you insist on getting me an upper berth in the sleeping car?" asked the habitually austere lady. "Well," answered her irrepressible niece, "you have been expecting for so many years to find somebody under your bed that I thought it might relieve your mind to have all doubts on the subject removed at once."—Washington Star.

If you couldn't reside in this land of the free, What land would you choose for your home?" queried he.

And the Young Thing replied from her seat on his knee: "Oh, Lap-land, I think, is the nicest for me!"

Perry Belmont and Battery Dan have mutually placed each other on the list of "unrecognizables."

First Small Boy—Did you throw any old shoes after your sister when she got married? Second Small Boy—No, I threw all my mother's slippers.—Philadelphia Record.

Said the President of the Railroad to the President of the United States: "It's a long time between settlements."

"What did people read before the days of the historical novel?" "The hysterical novel."

Has the old-time bracing autumn weather gone on strike?

Mrs. Hicks—What do you call that man in the bank a teller for?
Mrs. Wicks—I'm sure I don't know.
Mrs. Hicks—Well, I don't know either. I went in there yesterday to ask him how large a balance Mr. Hicks has now, and he said right away that he couldn't tell me.—Somerville Journal.

"Have you heard the bad news? Me-Sugger, the great centre rush, has just been fired from the football eleven."

"Why? He is the best player we've got." "He was; but he's suddenly become bald."

President Roosevelt is resolved to leave no Stone unturned.

"I wonder how Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "Broke 'em off, probably, trying to button her shirt-waist up the back."—Philadelphia Press.

A lot of men are wishing just now that they had stayed in the primaries instead of venturing into the more advanced political classes.

Suicide is the one crime whose successful consummation the law never punishes.

SOMEBODIES.

CARSON, MISS—a daughter of Kit Carson, the famous Fremont scout, is reported dying.

FREEMAN, PROF.—our Consul at Copenhagen, believes Germany will some day absorb Denmark, as the Kaiser is said to covet that little kingdom.

GORKI, MAXIM—the Russian novelist, puts to shame the men who walked ten miles daily to school and who later became Presidents. Gorki as a boy walked 600 miles to the nearest town where free education could be obtained. It is rumored, however, that he did not walk back and forth each day.

ROUSE, H. C.—the New York capitalist and railway president, will go with Gen. Miles to the Philippines.

SHELLLEY, MISS KATE—who, as a child, saved a trainload of passengers from death by crawling over a shaky bridge to give warning, is now quite old and has just been engaged as nurse in an Iowa asylum.

LAVA LAND. South Africa is of volcanic origin, and the land in the vicinity of Kimberley is so sulphurous that even ants cannot exist upon it.

STRANGE. To attract custom an undertaker at Brussels is selling stamps at less than their face value.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Suggests a Petition.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Now that coal is going up beyond the reach of the poor man's pocketbook, I think it's about time to call a halt. I think that by sending a petition to the Governor of Pennsylvania the Governor could do this.

Another Admirer's Testimony.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I fully agree with "Staten Island Chap" in his claim that the Staten Island young ladies are beautiful.

Staten Island is noted for its beautiful young ladies. In my opinion the most beautiful are to be found in Stapleton. It is a rare thing indeed, to find a Stapleton young lady that cannot lay claim to some beauty. They are all that could be desired in feature, form and manners. If there be any doubters of the truth of this assertion let them on any fine evening walk on Bay, Broad, Canal, Water or in fact any street in Stapleton and they will be forced to admit that the most beautiful young

ladies are found there. Three times three cheers for our Staten Island beauties! Beat them if you can.
J. C. L.

Quick Walking.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Replying to J. F. Coady's question, as to a man's ability to walk from Nineteenth street to Wall street in twenty minutes, I should say if the party was a good walker and went either on side-walk or in the road, according to the crowd ahead of him, he might do it. I

have walked from Twenty-first street to the Post-Office in thirty minutes, fair walking only.
HARLEM.

Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Did Richard Mansfield ever play in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?"
STEPHEN AND HARRY.

"Why More Men Don't Marry."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Why more men don't marry: In my opinion they aren't generous enough to girls, as they should be. By that I don't

mean they should spend an amount of money on them. Last night a gentleman invited me to the theatre, which was very agreeable. When we started he mentioned that I would have to pay for the tickets, saying he had a gold piece he didn't wish to break. I politely refused to go. However, I do not class all alike. There are many men I have not met who are honorable and generous. I've been told I was too particular. I think I might be too particular. I know my ideal is somewhere. Until he presents himself I prefer my single life.
MISS SENELE.